

WHOOZUS, WHOOZUS

If you never met Faulty McCuen you never missed anything.

If you never heard of him you are better off still.

Faulty was a gutter mate of Angus McBitters. We mention them in the same breath because this is April and the month they always sent their laundry.

Yes, sir, April 1st was their birthday.

On this national holiday Faulty and Angus made



Twins Like the Gold Dust Babies.

their advent to the same father and mother. They were twins like the gold dust babies.

There was some controversy between the parents as to what to name the litter of children, so Faulty was given his mother's last name and Angus was libeled after his father.

While nobody suspected they were brothers, they fought like relatives when it came to dividing the last crumb.

These dumbbells must have been well up in their thirties before either showed any signs of intelligence.

THE FAMILY ALBUM

ARENT the family carry-all. When Grandpop made his will, he left that carriage to Uncle Abner with complete equipment. There was a whip and harness and a full set of carriage dogs.

Aunt Moosie cried a little when grandpop died. She was always crying. In fact, she wept so much she made everybody's corns ache.

It was grandpop's own fault that he died. He was opposed to not drinking. It broke granny's spirit when grandpop used to come home every night and try to catch the goldfish in the parlor aquarium, using his whiskers for bait. He would let his beard hang down in the fish bowl and the goldfish would snap at them.

He never caught any goldfish, but it used to clean his whiskers because grandpop was a careful drinker, but a careless eater. There was always some bread crumbs or other knick-knacks in his beard. That naturally was harvest for the little fish.

Finally, grandpop's heart got tired of trying to catch up to his breath and—yes, those burned holes in the pages are marks of grandpop's thumb. He loved to look through the album and used to wet his thumb on his tongue so he could turn the pages. We don't know what he drank, but his wet thumb used to scorch the paper.

He was an earnest student of the Scriptures and loved to argue with the village minister on intemper-

UNCLE BUDGE MUGG

MAYBE I never tell you so very much about Uncle Budge Mugg, but he is certainly a wonderful character in many respects.

The only trouble with my Uncle Budge is he loves to punch the bag, which is a way of saying he likes to talk, and people who



Next Day Uncle Budge Is on Another Train.

talk a lot are not apt to be very popular back in my home town, especially if they talk about certain subjects.

But there is nothing my Uncle Budge will not mention in his conversation. If he hears of anybody running a little talk-softly, which is a way of saying a speak-easy, he is apt to touch on the subject the first time he runs into the mayor. If he knows of anybody who is doing a little gambling he is pretty sure to tell the marshal about it.

THE MASCULINIST

SPEAKING of statues, it's been a long time now since anybody has mentioned that woman properly belongs high above man, "upon a pedestal."

According to Frederick MacMonnies, today's conception of woman's place is somewhere convenient for man to use her as a foot stool, a doormat as it were.

They warned us, it was Tom Heflin, who warned us most vociferously, that giving votes to woman would "drag her from her high place upon a pedestal into the mire."

But we really didn't think it would happen—at least not soon. And now it has happened, sculpturally anyhow.

"Civic Virtue" has brought us to the abrupt realization that styles in sculpture have changed. Time was, when any of the virtues were in need of expression in everlasting marble, the artist would call in a model of the female persuasion to pose for him.

"Faith, Hope, and Charity" and "Liberty Enlightening the World" and similar works of art long treasured by the American people in which woman figures as something fine and noble, no doubt are not art at all in the opinion of the artists who are now devoted to the cult of "masculinism."

"Masculinism" is the concomitant of "Feminism," and is a very

It was one Saturday toward the latter part of the week that the other loafers around the neighborhood were getting paid-off, when Faulty, the older of the twins, suggested they go to work and earn some money.

The stroke of nonsense on the part of his brother nearly killed Angus. He was revived by liberal applications of smelling salts and spirits frumenti while the neighbors looked on in envy.

One day the twins were helping their mother with the evening's meal. She was busy cutting up bananas and splitting grapes to drop in a bowl of gelatine still to be hardened. Angus playfully slipped one of the goldfish into the concoction. He thought that was where jellyfish came from.

Their "Ma" swooned when the animal jumped out of her saucer at the supper table. This cost 'em both a couple of calluses in the department of their anatomy generally used for sitting postures.

Their old man was so mean he thought he couldn't afford a middle name.

That's not half of it.

On Sundays they all slept late to eke the day out with only two meals. He'd put lots of salt in the food then to make 'em thirsty instead of hungry. His recipe for bouillon was a bucket of warm water to one onion.

The kids grew up very tough. They ate nothing but brick ice cream, which soon gave them hardening of the arteries. But what was one additional ailment to a team which had medical jurisprudence looking for a safe place to jump?

The McCuen-McBitters trouble-makers had the reputation of being the worst kids in the neighborhood. When they strolled out to take the air, all the policemen

on the beat made a hasty gate. Cobblestones were con-fetti to them. They used to play tiddle-de-winks with man-hole covers and forget to replace 'em before night came on.

Red lanterns didn't mean trouble to those boys, they meant adventure or maybe a frolic with death. Their idea of happiness was to drive a team of goats tandem over a piece of asphalt which hadn't been opened up to traffic yet. Angus' mother used to boast that he fell from a fourth-story window when he was eighteen months old and it didn't hurt him a bit.

The lad inherited a pack of meanness from his father. At a tender age they had his tonsils cut out, and you wouldn't believe it, but they grew back again within three months.

Finally they took Angus to a horse specialist, who said the only way to keep the kid's adenoids from popping back every time they were amputated was to cut his head off. After a family conference it was decided to leave his head on but to saw him in half just below the chin.

To get back to the other menace, Faulty had almost as many shortcomings as his brother. Put both of 'em together and they wouldn't make one human being. However, their ma and pa decided to let them live instead of drowning them.

At first the father wanted to trade them in to a medical school in the interest of science. The professors took one look at the curiosities and announced that they would be a drawback to medical advancement but suggested that perhaps the zoo would take them.

The boys stayed at the zoo until the animals got to



The Gold Fish Would Snap at Them.

ance. Once he woke up in the middle of his pew and interrupted the sermon which was on alcohol in all its ramifications and grandpop started quoting, but got a little mixed up.

The minister says, "He who drinks shall be damned." That was when grandpop woke up and said, "You've got to stop swearing at me." The minister wasn't swearing at him, because there was lots of other folks in the church. But grandpop started quoting authority and said that drink was sanctioned by the prophets and the minister told him he was wrong.

So grandpop quoted, "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging, and he who is overcome thereby shall inherit the earth."

Everybody applauded, but the minister, who told



The Pastor Set Grandpop Right.

grandpop that there was no alcoholic edition. So the minister said that grandpop was quoting from his own memory which was very poor, especially at collection time.

But grandpop told him that was his story and he would stick to it. So the minister said that grandpop ought to stick to the Sunday edition of the Scriptures and not pay so much attention to the Saturday night extra.

Then he showed the congregation the real passage that didn't say anything about he who is overcome thereby inheriting the earth.

He said to the old man: "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging. But he who is overcome thereby doesn't inherit the earth."

Grandpop said: "Well, he thinks he does, anyway. And that's the same thing."

leading business men, including guys who may wish to run talk-softly, and maybe a little gambling, and he says to them like this:

"Gentlemen," my Grandpap Mugg says, "Budge Mugg wishes to go to Billings, Mont., which is a good long ways from here, and open a business. All he needs," my Grandpap Mugg says, "is two thousand bucks."

Well in no time my Grandpap Mugg has the two thousand. In fact, his list is oversubscribed. He takes the money back to Uncle Budge Mugg, and the next day half the town is down to the depot to see Uncle Budge catch the Cannon Ball to Montana.

Well, we do not hear much of him for months, and things are certainly much better in my old home town with nobody to mention matters to the marshal or mayor, but one day Uncle Budge comes back. It seems he goes broke in Billings, Mont., and he figures on staying in my old home town for awhile.

"Montana is not the place for me," he says to my Grandpap Mugg. "If only I go to Nova Scotia I will do much better, from what I hear."

"Is that so?" my Grandpap Mugg says, with much interest. "How far is Nova Scotia, and how much do you need to get there?"

"It is very far, indeed," my Uncle Budge says, "and I cannot do it on less than three thousand bucks."

No sooner does he say this than my Grandpap Mugg is downtown among the business men, and the very next day my Uncle Budge is on another train headed for Nova Scotia. Naturally my Uncle Budge is much swelled up by this evidence of esteem in which he is held by the community, and he cannot say enough to thank them all.

erature. The basic ideas of "Main Street" and "If Winter Comes," and also of "The Brimming Cup" and "The Lonely Warrior," are concerned with oppressed men, heroes who are required to struggle with mean, cold and critical wives. These books have sold into the hundreds of thousands, which indicates a suppressed revolt among the men in the country, who are taking it out in buying, reading, and lending and pushing books.

In the realm of literature the noble heroine is going out and the noble hero is coming in. The best novels all tell about the sufferings of our downtrod-

By KIRK MILLER

complaining, when the fond parents were forced to take the specimens back home to raise with the hogs, guinea hens and geese.

At the age of fourteen they entered kindergarten and by the time they were twenty both had graduated through the first stanza of grammar school. It wasn't long, however, until they became so rough with their little playmates that the teacher couldn't trust them



He Suggested the Zoo Might Take Them.

in the same yard. Ultimately she had to put dog collars around their necks and chain 'em to posts lest the other pupils get hydrophobia.

Faulty and Angus were just entering their thirties when the school board decided to parole them in care of the State insane asylum. They had been in school fifteen years and neither one of them knew that McKinley was even sick.

Last heard of them they were being used as Indian clubs by acrobats who worked in a traveling medicine show.

By "BUGS" BAER

The minister waved his arms and told him that it wasn't the same thing and that if grandpop didn't reform he was doomed to eternal torment, and grandpop said there wasn't no torment that alimony couldn't cure. That brought grandmom into the argument and developed two strong cliques in the congregation. One faction thought grandpop was right, and the horse ran away with the carry-all during the excitement. Naturally, the carriage dog ran with him and all the folks ran outdoors and chased the carriage.

It's a funny thing about carriage dogs. They ain't got no future and nobody cares about their past, and they run along under the wagon. Yes, our carriage was a wagon on week-days, and the dog never gets anywhere, and if he does he's got to come right back.

If the wagon runs away they run with it and if the horse slows up they slow up, and they're like some folks, they're victims of their environment. That dog there never did an original thing. Once there was a wreck when the milk train struck the wagon.

His name was whatever you wanted to call him, and he wouldn't answer anyway because he only followed under the carriage and trusted to others to guide him. He is dead now, which is all for the best, because there is nothing to run under but those family flivvers, and you don't want carriage dogs getting mixed up with differentials, and there's so many hills that a carriage dog would wear himself out changing gears.

Well, good-by, and don't forget to write.

By DAMON RUNYON

This time he is away for over a year, and business is booming back in my home town. Then Uncle Budge shows up one day, and it seems he is broke again, but he had a wonderful idea.

"If I can get hold of forty-two dollars," my Uncle Budge says, "I can buy an interest in Joe Higg's cigar store right here in town."



He's Pretty Sure to Tell the Marshal.

and I am sure to do all right, what with knowing everybody, and being so popular."

Then my Grandpap Mugg shakes his head, and says to my Uncle Budge like this:

"Budge," he says, "if you can think of a business in China, there is millions here to back you, but not a quarter behind you for anything in this town."

And to this day my Uncle Budge cannot figure out how this is.

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BY CAROLYN VANCE

den and oppressed men.

In poetry, I suppose, instead of "Odes to a Lady's Eyebrow" we shall have them all dedicated to the gentleman's eyebrow, the masculinist method of getting even with women for getting votes and jobs.

For, after all, all of this chivalry stuff, in pre-suffrage days, was just plain kidding, an attempt to pull the wool over women's eyes and divert them from thinking of their wrongs.

In the South today, where chivalry is making its last stand, where a man will start a general all-around melee if a woman's name is casually mentioned in a crowd, the laws pro-

tecting women in industry are vague if not altogether nil, and flagrant wrongs against childhood, such as persist in the cotton mill districts, are allowed to go on unmolested.

In a similar manner men are trying to kid themselves into believing that they are still the conquering sex by sculpting such statues as Civic Virtue and writing such books as "Main Street" and "If Winter Comes."

The halo that was once worn by women in sculpture and literature has been snatched away by the men and we find them now simpering before the mirror to see just how becoming this bit of millinery is.



CAROLYN VANCE

Finding the New Millinery Becoming.